

ELEGIES  
ON THE  
QUEEN  
AND  
ARCHBISHOP.

*In Walsh Poems  
p 6*

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BY  
SAMUEL WESLEY, M. A.

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L O N D O N :

Printed by B. MOTTE, for C. HARPER, at the Flower-de-luce  
over against S. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, 1695.

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# DEATH

OF

Her Late Sacred Majesty

# MARY

Queen of England, &amp;c.

## Pindarique Poem.

**A** H *sinful Nation ! Ah ungrateful Isle !*  
 See what thy *Crimes* at last have done !  
 At last thy *Shechina* is gone,  
 Thy beauteous *San* no more must on thee *smile* :  
 Thy *Dove* is shelter'd in the *Ark*,  
 The *Heav'n* are *silent* all, and *dark*;  
 Dark as thy *Fate*, or where  
 Thro' horrid *Rifts* some *Streaks* of *Light* appear :  
 They bode a dreadful *Flood*  
 Of *Fire* and *Blood* ;  
 So *Sodom* look'd when *Lot* was fled,  
 The wrathful *Skyes* wore such a gloomy red,  
 While



While the *destroying Angels* hov'ring stood,  
 And only did the *Signal* wait  
 To pour their full-charg'd *Viols* down  
 On the *devoted Town*,  
 Scatt'ring wide *Ruin*, and inevitable *Fate*.

## II.

Thus *Sodom* sinn'd, and thus it fell,  
 Their *Paradise* transform'd to *Hell*,  
 Whose pitchy *Streams*, long in *Earths* *Caverns* lost,  
 Rise from the *Shades* of *Death* and *Night*,  
 And dare th' almost forgotten *Light* ;  
 Agen they rise on *Albions* distant *Coast* ;  
 And fear not we their *Fate* who all their *Lewdness* boast ?  
 Each *Age*, each *Sex*, each *Order* and *Degree*  
 Full-ripe, and bending for *Destruction* stand,  
 And joyn their *Crimes* to sink a guilty *Land*,  
 Nor can, alas ! itself th' *Attoning Altar* free.  
 Yes, — we their *Fate* in vain wou'd shun  
 If on their *Crimes*, and worse we run ;  
 Already is the *Plague* begun,  
 Some *Scalding Drops* already fall  
 Beck'ning the rest away,  
 While those who might the *Pile* of *Vengeance* stay  
 Wise *Heav'n* aside does call ;  
 From its strong *Arm* all *Intercessors* throw  
 For fear their stronger *Prayers* shou'd stop the *Blow*.

## III.

It is resolv'd, said the *All-high* !  
*Patience* divine no longer now can bear,  
*Mercy* itself no more can spare ;  
 Soon shall they feel that *Pow'r* they now *desie* ;  
 Henceforth I cancel their abus'd *Reprieve* :  
 In *Hell*, if not on *Earth*, they shall a *God* believe.  
 Go then, said he, to an *Attendant* *Might*,  
 The fairest *Form* of all the *Sons* of *Light* ;



The same who our blest *Queen* to *Albion* Shores convey'd,  
 The same who hail'd the bright *Judean Maid*;  
 (Go *Gabriel*! to that stubborn Spot which lies  
 Amid th' *Atlantic Main*,  
 Which that, and me who fix'd its Shores defies;  
 Go, since a *Blessing*, they like her, despise,  
 Go, bring my *Pledge* again!  
 Hast! For, till from the *thankless Isle* she's gone  
 Nothing must to the *thankless Isle* be done:  
 Gladly the *pyting Mind* for a *Reverse* had staid,  
 Might his important *Charge* have been *delay'd*;  
 But since the *Doom* was fix'd, the *pyting Mind* obey'd.

## IV.

This soon was to our *Guardian* known, for who  
 Heav'n's mind e'er better knew?  
 Who, e'er among the *Sons of Men*?  
 Our *Guardian* now, our watchful *Primate* then:  
 Our *Punishment* he did too justly dread  
 Which in our *Sins* he plainly read:  
 Low on his *Knees* himself he threw  
 Before th' *Eternals Throne*  
 As *Jacob*, e'er he over *Peniel* past;  
 Still kept his *Grasp*, and held th' *Almighty* fast;  
 Agen th' *Almighty* said — *Let me alone!*  
 Still he *persists*, till toucht himself he found;  
 As *Isr'el* then, and lifeless struck the *Ground*:  
 Far more of *bers* than his own *Fate* afraid  
 Agen he *rose*, agen he *pray'd*,  
 Agen he askt she might not goe,  
 Nor was o'ercome, but with a *second Blow*:  
 Since she must *dye* he covets *Life* no more,  
 He saw 'twas *Fate*, and gladly went *before*.

## V.

Thus half the *mighty Work* was done;  
 One side of our blest *Queen* unguarded stood  
 For *Fate* to *strike* where e'er it wou'd;

She

She follow'd soon when once her *Harbinger* was gone :  
 How various Deaths, and yet how sure  
 (The first Design, against her e'er took place)  
 Did she, undaunted, face him  
 How firmly did she all, and like her self, endure ?  
 She only still remain'd unmov'd ;  
 She only not her self admir'd and lov'd :  
 All eyes now th' almost forgotten Temples crowd ;  
 And for her Safety and their own they vow'd ;  
 To Heav'n they all her Virtues tell,  
 Which knew 'em but alas ! too well ;  
 It knew how ripe for Heav'n they were,  
 How much too good for this bad World to share.

## VI.

See where a Host of Widdow'd Matrons come !  
 Before the anpropitious Altars laid  
 In vain their Cry deaf Heav'n invade ;  
 See where they tire the Stars for aid,  
 But can't reverse her Doom !  
 See where as many Smiling Orphans go  
 As yet almost too young to feel their Woe !  
 Yet do they raise their little Hands and Eyes,  
 Yet do they tell the sore-lenting Skyes  
 They all must dye if their new Mother dyes  
 Near these, bright Confessors and Exiles stood :  
 Such Bounty from Our Country's Parent shown  
 As made 'em here almost forget their own ;  
 Glorious with honest Scars, and sprinkled all with Blood.  
 These, and a thousand Miserables more  
 Who at her Palace oft did wait,  
 As those who at Bethesda late,  
 Till them high Heav'n shou'd by the Angels Hand restore ;  
 All these with interrupting Tears repeat  
 How far the Good in her excell'd the Great :  
 The much she did, and more she still design'd ;  
 Which, like their Pray'r,  
 Was lost in air,  
 And scatter'd into Wind.

## VII. How

## VII.

How poor are all the Honours Art can give?  
 The Herald's pompous Skill, how poor?  
 Nor can it grant, nor Faint secure,  
 Nor need it those, bright Saints! who like thee live.  
 Jewels and Stars themselves wou'd be  
 When in thy Arms false *Heraldry*.  
 Yet that bright Topaz of the Air  
 Which scatters round perpetual Light,  
 Hardly his Rays than her less bright,  
 The Sun himself is likest her:  
 As constant she her Blessings round her sent,  
 As silently did she her Alms disperse,  
 As Friendly was her Influence,  
 As deep she pierc'd, as wide her warmth and bounty went:  
 Yet with more care her Virtue did disguise  
 Than Learning Sinners take to hide their Vice.

## VIII.

Tho' there alas! so short her Ray  
 The Court it self sh' had learnt to pray:  
 The Court, a wild Serail no more,  
 Where Virtue a neglected Stranger grown,  
 As 'twas in reigns before;  
 Nor yet a dull monastic Cell,  
 Where sullen Superstition rears its Throne  
 A hive for the religious Drone,  
 Where silence never comes, and Discord loves to dwell:  
 A Pattern of the Active Life she reign'd,  
 Her Life like her fair Mind, unshain'd,  
 She needed not a Crown to've made her shine  
 Her Goodness scatter'd something more divine.  
 Slowly she took what Heav'n's wile Bounty gave,  
 Three sinking Realms, and half a World to save.  
 And with more pain to Empire she her self resign'd  
 Than at the last sad Hour to Heav'n her peaceful mind.



That glorious *Trifle* of a *Throne*  
 Less *sought*, tho' more *deserv'd*, by none:  
 Wherever plac'd, ev'n *Envy* had confest  
 She still had been the *greatest* and the *best*:  
 Glorious *Eliza* we no more prefer,  
*Eliza's* self was but a *Type* of her:  
 Only the *Gleanings* of her *praise*;  
 If to be seen  
 In any other *Queen*  
 Wou'd give a *double Crown*, and her t' a *Saint* wou'd raise.

## IX.

*Majesty* she and *sweetness* reconcil'd,  
 Shone like the *Sun*, yet like the morning *smil'd*,  
 How *easie* was her *State*! how *awful*, yet how *mild*!  
 She reign'd above the mean *Disguise*  
 Of *vulgar States* and *Policies*,  
 Whom their meer *dulness* drives on *Cheats* and *Lies*.  
*Goodness* and *Truth* were the chief *Arts*  
 By which her *Friends* she *charm'd*,  
 Her *Foes* (if any cou'd be so) *disarm'd*,  
 Commanding her glad *Subjects Hands* and *Hearts*.  
*Steady* and *cheerful* still she *steer'd*  
 While we amidst *contending Seas*  
 Enjoy'd the *Calm* of *Peace*,  
 Nor *Rocks*, nor *Tempests* fear'd.  
 The pond'rous *weight* of *Empire*, did she *share*,  
 With *Cesar's* self *divide* th' *important Care*,  
 Not *Cesar's* self his *part* cou'd more *unshaken* bear:  
*Atlas* did great *Atlas* *ease*,  
 And she our greater *Hercules*:  
 While he in eager *chace* of *Fame*  
 Does *Tyrants* quell and *Monsters* tame:  
 She bears the *glitt'ring Orbs* on high,  
 She bears the *strefs* of *Earth* and *Sky*;  
 She bears unmov'd the *precious weight*  
 Of *Altar* both, and *Throne*,  
 Equal to both, tho' she, alone  
 The prop of *Church* and *State*.

## X.

Since this and more her worst of Foes confest;  
 How were her Merits and their Grief exprest  
 By those who with her sacred Friendship blest!  
 How did the Orphan-Church, how justly show  
 Her deep Concern at th' unexpected blow!  
 See where EMSEBIA, sad, yet fair appears,  
 (None than EMSEBIA, Mary better knew,  
 And knowing needs must love her too.)  
 How charming ev'n in Grief, how beautiful in Tears!  
 (So looks the Silver Moon, when pleas'd to shrowd  
 Her modest Rays in a thin watry Cloud.)  
 She try'd to ward the blow, and fain  
 Wou'd Wrest away Heav'n's Bolts but try'd in vain!  
 She Sigh'd, yet dar'd not of just Heav'n complain:  
 Low in the Dust her self she flings,  
 And breaks her Harps, now useles Strings;  
 Her decent Garments sully'd with a Flood  
 Of Sacred Tears, as once of Sacred Blood.  
 Yet will I tell, said she,  
 If Life so long will last,  
 And Sorrow flows not in too fast,  
 What she has been, what others ought to be:  
 Against the weeping Stones she lean'd her beauteous Head,  
 And thus, as ebbing Tears gave leave, she said:

## XI.

O! she was all that others wou'd be thought!  
 All that the present Age in antient Rolls have read  
 Or from their Fathers have receiv'd,  
 But scarce believ'd  
 Of the illustrious Dead;  
 All, all her shining Life, and blest Example taught:  
 What Honours did she on my Sons confer, (her?  
 Who while they preach'd themselves, still learn'd from  
 Just to their Order, tender of their Fame,  
 Like Heav'n's dread Messengers she treated them:

No

No *Virtues* in her sight cou'd *unrewarded* be;  
 If any *Faults* they made  
 She hid 'em all in a *well-natur'd Shade*,  
 And what her *Judgment* saw, her *Goodness* wou'd not see.  
 Ah! who shall now *adorn*, or them *defend*!  
 Who shall *advise*, *encourage*, or *commend*!  
 Yet still they've left a *surer, greater Friend*:  
 While *William* here does his kind *Aid* afford, (*Sword*,  
 And *guards* 'em with his *Shield*, and *guards* 'em with his  
 In *Heav'n* his stronger *Arm* their *Cause* maintains,  
 Who never *sleeps*, who never *dies*, who always *reigns*.

## XII.

Sure she was form'd by *Heav'n* to shew  
 What *undissembled Piety* cou'd do,  
 To what a height *Religion* might be rais'd;  
 (She bears not now, and therefore may be *prais'd*)  
 Wou'd *Virtue* take a *Shape*, she'd choose to *appear*  
 And think, and speak, and dress, and live like her.  
 Zeal without *Heat*, *Devotion* without *Pride*,  
 Work without *Noise* did all her *Hours* divide:  
 Wit without *trifling*, *Prudence* without *Gaile*  
 Pure Faith, which no false *Reasonings* e'er cou'd *spoil*  
 With her, secur'd and blest our happy *Isle*  
 One harsh, old-fashion'd *Truth* to *Court* she brought,  
 And made it there almost *believ'd* agen;  
 Her *Practice* shew'd her *Judgment* thought  
 That *Princes* must be sav'd like other *Men*.  
 No single *World* cou'd her great *Soul* imploy,  
 Earth her *Diversion* was, but *Heav'n* her *Joy*.  
 If ought with that her *Thoughts* cou'd share  
 'Twas her ungrateful *Subjects* *Care*:  
 Our hov'ring *Fate* she saw, and *step'd* between,  
 Deserving all her great *Forefathers* claim'd,  
 The *Faiths* *Defender* more than nam'd,  
 More than in *Title* the *Most* *CHRISTIAN QUEEN*.

## XIII. Say



Say, all ye Seraphs who did her attend,  
 When daily kneeling at the Throne  
 That's only brighter than her own,  
 And say, thou Guardian Friend,  
 Who didst so long thy darling Charge secure,  
 And her with Walls of Fire immure,  
 Saw you in all your Provinces below,  
 Or see ye now in Eden's self, Above,  
 Where rise the secret Springs of Joy and Love,  
 And in immortal Rivers flow,  
 A Mind more firm and pure?  
 Or saw you e'er her Heart or Eye  
 By any Object here amus'd,  
 When she from Earth's dull Clog almost unloos'd  
 So oft before so near approach'd her Kindred in the Sky?  
 O happy you! and happy they  
 Tho' cloath'd as yet in mortal clay,  
 Happy alike, who waiting there  
 Did her Devotion see and share,  
 Since ev'n an atheist at the sight of her  
 Had turn'd almost Idoler,  
 Say! did you ever see before  
 Your own blest Courts resembled more,  
 Where those whom she, alas! too soon must meet,  
 Down Down Down Down  
 Each casts his Crown,  
 His Crown and self at the Redeemer's Feet.

Revolut.  
 4. 10.

## XIV.

Thus the fair Mourner part of MARY'S Praise express:  
 But who, who dares presume  
 To approach her private Sacred Room!  
 To pry into the Ark and Barn, and tell the rest!  
 That may the Vestal Muse, the Muse alone may dare,  
 For she, tho' clad in humble rustic gray,  
 Tho' neither beautiful she, nor gay

Once, ah but once was there :  
 Nor her rude Duty did that best of Queens refuse,  
 Nor did she wear a Frown  
 To make her self unknown,  
 Nor did she justly blast th' aspiring Muse,  
 Her Pardon she, and more did give,  
 The golden Scepter shew'd, and bade, and made her live.

Forgive! O sacred Shade! Forgive once more  
 The same Presumption that you did before!

And let the Muse, whose piercing Eyes  
 Thro' present, past, and future spies,  
 You, in your blest retirement show,  
 And tell what none but Angels know.

And see the dazzling Scent arise!  
 Away Profane! you must not gaze,  
 Away! without the hallow'd Bound!

'Tis Death for all th' impurg'd to pass,  
 'Tis Death to touch the sacred Ground.

But come, you Just, you Pious Few,  
 To whom her Name is ever dear,

Who more than fashionable Mourning wear!  
 Come hither all, and trembling see

The Queen! It can be none but she,  
 Raise every Hand! bend every Knee!

The Queen and Heav'n have there an Interview;  
 The last e'er Faith is chang'd to Sight,

And for our Eyes she grows too bright.  
 See that attendant Angel there,

Who bids her for new Crowns prepare,  
 At awful Distance he stood by,

She farther rais'd her Heart and Eye  
 To him from whom can nothing secret lie.

—Happy the Man whose well-purg'd Ear  
 Cou'd all of their blest Converse hear

But this alone  
 (Whence may with ease be guess

How well she'd learnt the Language of the blest)

Unto the *listening Muse* was known  
As *fleeting Suns* thro' *sailing Clouds* appear:

[—On me! me only let the *Stroke* descend!  
Let my devoted *Head* thy *Wrath* assuage;  
But spare my *People*, spare thy *Heritage*!  
And for their sakes, my *Lords* dear *Sacred Life* defend! ]

## XVI.

She said, her *Pray'r* th' *All-high*, with *peals*  
Of loud attesting *Thunder* seals;  
Her *Pray'r* obtains a new *Reprieve*;  
We may, tho' *Mary* must not *live*.

The *Angel*, who no more cou'd stay,  
Bows, and beckons her away.

Gladly the *Message* she receives,  
Gladly all but *WILLIAM* leaves.

This only her firm *Virtue* tries,  
No pains she felt, or cou'd all pains *despise*;  
But what her *Royal Heart*  
Endur'd, with him to part:

There, there her last *convulsive Agonies*.

With more of *ease* her *Soul* cou'd from her *Body* fly  
Than those far closer *Bonds* untie.

But that too sure *Commission Fate* did give  
How cou'd she *dye*, how cou'd he *live*?

'Twas *easy*, *Fate*! thy *Prey* to miss,

He was her *Soul*, and she was his. (Day,

—'Tis done—thro' *Death's* dark *shades* she *wings* for

Nor can her other *Soul* behind her *stay*,

But *climbers* with her more than *half the Ethereal way*.

## XVII.

There had they shin'd, two *Stars* as bright  
As ever did their *friendly Rays* unite,

To bless th' admiring world with *peaceful Light*;

Had not those *Pow'rs* who for poor *Mortals* care

Remember'd *Maries* pious *Pray'r*,

And all the *Godlike work* behind

For their lov'd *Hero's Arms* design'd.

Nor *Nature* two such *Losses* in one *Age* cou'd bear.

But



But when his great *relucting* Soul return'd  
 Here must we draw a *Veil*  
 Since all our *Art* would fail  
 To show how much her *Death* and his own *Life* he mourn'd.

## XVIII

*Accurst* are those, nor can they more be *curst*  
 Who *hate* the *best* of *Princes*, love the *worst*:  
 Who on *themselves* fix an eternal *Brand*  
 And cast *Confusion* o'er the *blissing* *Land*:  
 Their *Prudence* these and their *Good-nature* show  
 At their ignoble *Triumphs* at our *woe*:  
 None such a *Loss*, like *William's* *Soul*, could feel  
 No *weight* but such as this, could bend his *Steel*.  
 How *decent* all his *Grief*! how *just* appears!  
 How freely flow the *Nations* *Sympathetick* *Tears*!

Nor can his *Foes* esteem it *Base*  
 That he to *Fate* it self gives place,  
 And reels, and *staggers* at th' *unequal* *blow*,  
 Since they to their *confusion* know,  
 They never yet could raise his *Grief*, or *Fears*.

## XIX

See from the *Dust* the *twice-born*, *Hero* rise!  
 See where he *throws* around his *languid* *Eyes*,  
 Which never droopt before:  
 In vain he *throws* em round — *She's* *now* *no* *more*!  
 As much in vain his *Soul's* *Efforts* did *prove*  
 When *Lifes* weak *Taper* trembled to remove,  
 And reach and joyn its *Consort-Flame* above.  
 O why lov'd *Prince*! dost thou *purue* so *fast*!  
 Why makes thy *struggling* *Soul* such *eager* *hast*!  
 When e're you meet, how late so e're for thee,  
 Too soon alas for us, and for the *World* it will be.

— Nor yet shall *Death* the *Conquest* gain  
 Such strong *Revulsives* still remain: *He* *on* *A*  
 Sound sound a *Charge*! Let *Wars* loud *Thunder* roar  
 And shake the trembling *Caust* perfidious *Shore*!

—It takes —how fast he warms!  
 With what, a generous Heat  
 His rallying Spirits bear  
 To Arms! to Arms!  
 His Grief will soon to Martial Fury turn;  
 And France our Loss shall undisturb'dly mourn.  
 With Arms and Heart again a common foe to join;  
 To vindicate the World from some proud Tyrant's Chain.  
 —so lov'd, to fear'd does our Great William reign  
 So, might we Great compare with Loss,  
 So when the Forrest's King, whose Voice can make  
 The Beasts, the Trees, the solid Mountains quake  
 Is robb'd by Fate of his lov'd Linnet;  
 In his broad Breast imperfect Thunder groan,  
 He stalks along the silent Shade alone.  
 But if he chance from some Peace-kind  
 To hear the gathering War,  
 The Hunters shout, the Coursers neigh,  
 The Eager Hounds more loud than they;  
 He casts his flaming Eyes around  
 Impatient to engage  
 And lashes his strong sides, and wakes his dreadful Rage,  
 And spurs the Sand, and fills the Air, and rends the Ground:  
 The ignoble Cover now disdains,  
 And rushes out, and roars and frights the trembling Plains.  
 See! the coward Hunters fly  
 O'er thick Brakes and Mountains high:  
 O'er the Fallows, thro' the Woods,  
 O'er green Lawns and Crystal Floods;  
 Fast they fly, Fear mends their Flight,  
 But Grief and Rage pursue more fast:  
 See! the Troop he overtakes!  
 See what Ravage there he makes!  
 Horse and Horseman both o'erthrows,  
 These with his strong Paws he rends,  
 These with his Train to Earth he sends,  
 And proudly stalks along o'er heaps of panting Foes.

## XXI

'Tis glorious in undaunted Fight  
 To assert an injur'd Nations right;  
 'Tis yet more glorious, more divine,  
 With Earth and Heav'n against a common Foe to joyn;  
 To vindicate the World from some proud Tyrants Chain:  
 —So lov'd, so fear'd does our Great William reign  
 "While France and Hell cross his strong Fate in vain,  
 Yet ah! how gladly his dread Sword he'd sheathe,  
 Or with it here at home engage  
 The monstrous Foes of the Age;  
 Would not he while the Gallic Hydra breathes!  
 For Peace the glory of his fights;  
 In Peace kind Heaven's all delights,  
 Peace grows on Eden's happy Plains  
 Where now in Peace blest M<sup>a</sup>r<sup>r</sup> reigns:

## XXII

How was Heav'n's mind at her arrival there  
 With how much more than usual Art and Care  
 The Angels who so oft to Earth had gone  
 And born her thence to th' Eternal Throne  
 For her new Coronation now prepare!  
 How welcome! how caress'd  
 Among the blest!  
 —And first mankind's Great Mother rose,  
 Give way, ye crowding Souls! said she,  
 That I the second of my Race may see!  
 But e'er she came the First did interpose;  
 (Whom next my God and King,  
 Next, and but next I'll sing.)  
 The other M<sup>a</sup>r<sup>r</sup>, who to meet her goes:  
 How like their Charms! how full of Grace!  
 O better Mother of our sinful Race!  
 How great her Meen! how sweet her Air! how bright her



The Worthies of the Hebrew Line  
 Did their adopted Brethren joyn,  
 Her fight a conquest did engage  
 Of every Sex and every Age.  
 Here did brave Deborah appear,  
 Pulcheris then, Eliza here  
 Our Edward, their Josiah, nearly'd  
 Their Fate, both blest, the World no more they try'd,  
 Blest that they liv'd so well, nor thought too young they  
 Here Henry, Patriarch, and apostles stand, (dy'd.  
 The Martyrs there, a goodly shining Band:  
 These near the altar, near the Son of Right Hand:  
 Fast was the altar, wondrous on behold!  
 With living Gems adorn'd, and heavenly Gold;  
 From thence whose boundless Dose, which did present  
 The precious Ark of Stone and Firmament  
 The kneeling Saints thus when for Truth they dy'd  
 Had Mercy ask'd for those  
 Who were their cruel Foes,  
 Now all, as loud for Vengeance cry'd:  
 \* Holy and True! How long! —  
 (This was their matchless Song.)  
 How long must the proud Whore in triumph reign,  
 " Her scarlet Robes in Blood still deeper stain,  
 " How long shall Earth blaspheme! how long will Heav'n  
 When from the Throne a Voice was giv'n (refrain!  
 Which shook the Poles of Earth and Heav'n:  
 " There rest in Peace! our Friends! it said,  
 " And wait for all the martyr'd Dead!  
 " Nor must our Bait so soon be sent,  
 " You're not complete, Man may repent.  
 " The while ascend one Order higher,  
 " And joyn the still-increasing Quire!  
 Forward they move, while Angels bring  
 A Harp, a Robe, a Crown  
 Installing every one  
 A Poet, Priest, and King.

\* 6. Revel.  
 10, 11.

## XXIV.

But who are those! that mighty Three  
 Distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Who marching up abreast  
 Approach, great Queen! to welcome thee?  
 The most Majestic there  
 A double Crown, the rest a single wear.  
 Two Branches stem of the Nassorian Line,  
 Orange! Coligny! — Yes, they're they!  
 Such Beams around their Temples us'd to play.  
 The third is Martyr'd CHARLES, still more Divine.  
 It must be Martyr'd CHARLES, he looks so good,  
 His Ermin dy'd with his own sacred Blood.  
 By sacrilegious Hands, all Victims sell,  
 All sent too soon to Heav'n by Monsters rais'd from Hell:  
 All their great Kindred welcome and embrace,  
 But CHARLES, the most and best,  
 Who thus her Merit, and his Love express,  
 — "Welcome, thrice welcome to this happy place!  
 "Whose Praise nor Envy shall, nor Age deface,  
 "Thou best! thou dearest Name of all my Race!  
 — And more he wou'd have said, but hears  
 The Intelligences tune their Spheres,  
 And knew they wou'd some wondrous thing  
 At her Reception sing:  
 All in their Hands the Harps of God they take,  
 Nature be still! No Voice beneath  
 The Clouds be heard! no Wind to breath,  
 No Leaf to shake!

## XXV.

\* " — How wondrous are thy Works! how bright,  
 "O of unbounded Pow'r and Might!  
 "Yet if we ought can add unto thy Praise,  
 "We for the Truth and Justice of thy Ways,  
 "O King of Saints! will nobler Trophies raise.

\* 15. Revel.  
 3, 4

What *Mortal*, form'd of *Dust* and *Clay*  
 What *Mind*! to thee as *weak* as they  
 Can in thy *angry sight* appear  
 Or at thy *Voice* can choose to *Fear*?  
 If once thy *Voice* they not obey  
 It soon can take the *Life* it gave,  
 Tho' rather, thy *delight* to save!  
 O *Holy Father*! *Spirit*! and *Son*!  
 —Dread *Holy Three*! Dread *Holy One*!  
 Thy *Eyes*, how perfect and how *pure*!  
 All those approve  
 Who *Virtue* love  
 Nor can the smallest *Stain* of *guilt* endure.  
 Tho' long the *stupid World* has been  
 Enslav'd to *Error*, lost in *sin*,  
 Did long thy *saving Health* despise:  
 Now the fair *years* in comly *Order* rise:  
 The *stupid World* shall worship *Fiends* no more  
 (Their *Temples* by th' *Almighties* *Frown*,  
 Their *smoking Altars* thunder'd down)  
 But thee and thy dread *Sun*, O *King of Kings*! adore.

And the same place the sun all cheering light  
 Imparting to the stars all cheering light  
 Where comfort calls no kind of grief and night  
 I oft in the double shades of grief and night  
 Or in the light of day I find  
 But here, as here, I find the same old in the same  
 Till I'm, making, the joyful World have shown  
 'Tis a new Black my unpurged sorrow wears  
 'Tis for my Country's loss, and not my own



# POEM

On the Death of his Grace

## JOHN

Late Lord Arch-Bishop

OF  
CANTERBURY.

### I.

**F**ind me some place yet more remov'd from Day,  
*Impervious* to the Suns all-cheering *Light*;  
 Where *Comfort* casts no *Gleam*, kind *Heav'n* no *Ray*,  
 Lost in the double *Shades* of *Grief* and *Night*.

### II.

There will I *mourn* till I grow old in *Tears*,  
 Till I th' *unkind*, the *spiteful* *World* have shown  
 'Tis a true *Black* my unbought *Sorrow* wears,  
 'Tis for my *Countrys* *Loss*, and not my *own*.

### III. When

## III.

When he whom Deaths hard sleep in vain did bind,  
 In his dark Grotto immaturely slept  
 A greater Mourner than if all Mankind  
 Shrouded in black had waited, JESUS, wept.

II. S. John  
 35, 38.

## IV.

He taught us *Tenderness* where e'er 'twas due,  
 Nor e'er cou'd Tomb to more than this pretend;  
 Which shall this Truth to Grandchild Ages shew,  
 Here lies, *Mankinds, and God's, and Cesar's Friend.*

## V.

Say *Envy's self*, if *Envy's self* can say,  
 If to his God he was not pure from Blame!  
 His Soul shin'd thro' with so divine a Ray,  
 As clear confest the Heav'n from whence she came.

## VI.

Just, all his *Thoughts* of God, all great and bright,  
 Mild Majesty with awful Goodness vail'd;  
 Such as might Man allure and not affright,  
 All, worthy him who Heav'n's great Lord is hail'd.

## VII.

No black Idea, form'd from Guilt or Fear,  
 Or by illnatur'd Ign'rance, ill-defin'd;  
 But such, as pure, unmatter'd Angels wear,  
 Such he himself, now rais'd to perfect Mind.

## VIII.

Humbly he lov'd, whom gladly He obey'd,  
 Serene his Prayers, unclouded as his Brow,  
 Beneficent, and Good, to all he made  
 He taught him then, and such he finds him now.

on W

Him

IX.

*First*, he thro' all the *Maze* of *Matter* trac'd,  
 In every *Particle* his *Footsteps* found,  
 Who first a *shore* to the wild *Chaos* plac'd,  
 And *Atom*, close to *Brother-Atom* bound.

X.

In *Heav'n's* wide *Arch* he found, and show'd him there  
 Adorn'd in all his *Furniture* of *Light*;  
 Then, here transcrib'd, in *Strokes* almost as *fair*,  
 In *lasting* *Characters*, almost as *bright*.

His Sermons  
 against  
 A-  
 theism.

XI.

O'er this vast *Globe* did his *bold Pencil* show  
 How all his *Works* did spread their *Makers* *Fame*;  
 How *aged Mountains* stand, and *Waters* flow,  
 And every *Flow'r* and *Insect* wears his *Name*.

XII.

No *flatt'ring* *Colours*, on weak *Reasons* laid,  
 No *droffy* mixtures with the purer *Ore*;  
 Strongly he built, and firm *Foundations* made  
 From *Truths*, and *Natures* unexhausted *Store*.

XIII.

Yet his strong *Reason* to his *Faith* he bent,  
 By new *Elastic* *Pow'rs* still stronger made;  
 Yet more-than-nat'ral *Truths* had his *Assent*,  
 Who where he cou'd not comprehend, obey'd.

XIV.

Ah miscall'd *Reasoners*! who wou'd *Reason* bring  
 Th' *Eternal* *Word* and *Reason* to dethrone!  
 Your *Faith* refuse to your *Almighty* *King*,  
*Protection* take, yet no *Allegiance* own.  
 Who



## XV.

Who a Man God, the *Sub-Supreme*, create,  
 Not to the great God-man just *Honour's* pay:  
 Rob the Creator of his *Kingly* Seat,  
 And yet to one you think a *Creature* pray.

## XVI.

When left by God how vain a *Thing* is *Man*,  
 How weak his *Mind* from its true *Center* thrown!  
 Christ's *Mysteries* you can't believe, but can  
 Such pure *mysterious* *Nonsense* of your own.

## XVII.

Not so this *Champion* of his *Saviour's* Name,  
 Whose weighty *Pen* did *Heresy* confound:  
 Secur'd his own and th' injur'd *Churches* Fame,  
 And laid the *Polish* *Monster* on the Ground.

His Sermons  
 against the  
 Socinians.

## XVIII.

He knew ev'n *Natures* self had *Mysteries*,  
 Too deep for shallow *Reason's* finite *Line*:  
 Nor lookt against the *Sun*, nor clos'd his *Eyes*,  
 Nor equall'd *humane* *Knowledge* with *divine*.

## XIX.

Nor all believ'd who from th' *Eternal* *King*,  
*Commission* plead, but can't produce his *Hand*:  
 A false, a forging *Race*, who only bring  
 His miscall'd *Vicars* ill-dissembled *Brand*.

## XX.

Tho all *Mankind* he lov'd, he cou'd not those  
 Whose monstrous *Faith's* full contradiction *size*,  
 Who on the *Sense* of all *Mankind* impose,  
 And with *implicit* *Faith* believe in *Lies*.

## XXI.

Who old deform'd *Idol*atry new paint,  
 And *Images* to their lost *Shrines* restor'd  
 (The *Name* just chang'd, the *Hero* turn'd to *Saint*,  
 Where *Demons* lodge as quiet as before

## XXII.

Whose whole *Religion* turn'd to *Cheat* and *Trade*  
 Did all *devout*, like *Babel's* *Mad Thief*:  
 Who to the *Rich* all *Low*dne/s *venial* made,  
 But damm'd th' *insolvent Poor* without *Relief*:

## XXIII.

None e'er with *neater Sense*, or *closer* laid  
 Unmask'd their *Frauds* than thou, *Great* *Man*! Whast  
 As once the *French* of *Talbot's* name affraid,  
 We'll still th' *Italians* now with **TILLOTSON!**

## XXIV.

Yet no wild *Motions* e'er disturb'd his *Breast*,  
 His *Reason*, not his *Passion* kept him warm;  
 No warring *Winds* his peaceful *Soul* oppress'd,  
 Where blew a gentle *Breeze*, but not a *Storm*:

## XXV.

As he already liv'd in *Paradise*  
 All-equable his happy *Hours* did flow;  
 Unruffled he by *Int'rest*, or by *Vice*,  
 He never knew a *Thought* or *Care* so low,

## XXVI.

Pardon dear *Country*! if that *Fleat* I blame  
 Which but too oft our *Freeborn* *Minds* enslaves!  
 Let *Rome* alone th' *unerring* *Title* claim!  
 Why should I *stern* because another *raves*?

Or

XXVII.

Or wash'd by *Sea*, our *Fire*, like *Etna*, glows;  
Or the strong *Spirits* within too closely pent  
Prey on themselves for want of other *Foes*,  
And, *fuming*, to unnatural *Warmth* ferment.

XXVIII.

When th' *angry Brothers* did Heav'n's *Bolts* desire,  
Justly did them the *Prince of Peace* reprove;  
Taught 'em to conquer with a *milder Fire*,  
To conquer with the kindlier *Warmth* of *Love*.

XXIX.

If this a *Fault*, ev'n that *Apostle* cri'd  
Whose *great soul* stoop'd, and all to all was made;  
Who *Charity* to *Faith* it self prefer'd,  
And yet no *Truth* deny'd, of none affraid.

XXX.

Thus this true *Follower* of his *Saviours Life*  
Who in his *shining Paths* exactly went,  
Taught without *Noise*, and differ'd without *Strife*;  
Soft were his *Words*, but strong his *Argument*.

XXXI.

Not holy *Crammer* easier cou'd forgive,  
Or more of heav'n-born *Charity* express'd;  
Firm to his *Friend*, a surer ne'er did live,  
Tho' most to *Truth*, the greatest, and the best.

XXXII.

Such great *Armagh*, who perfect long before  
Amid the blest a *Starry Mitre* wears;  
Such many a *Confessor* and *Martyr* more,  
And such that *Saint* who now demands our *Tears*.

\* See Letter to a Curate - Jackson's Life C. W.  
Appendix page 321



## XXXIII.

What grateful *Crowds* did him in *Glory* wait to show to  
Whom his calm *Reasonings* thither show'd the Way!  
How *Blest* his share in that *unchanging State*!  
How *bright* he shines in those bright *Realms of Day*!

## XXXIV.

What *Clouds of Prayers* did waft him to that Place  
Where *Seraphs* sing with heavenly *Ardour* fir'd  
Ay-gazing on the *Beatific Face*!  
The first *Preferment* that he e'er desir'd.

## XXXV.

In him the *Orphan* a new *Father* found,  
While *Widows* scarcely their lost *Lords* lament;  
A gentle *Surgeon* he for e'ry *Wound*;  
*Exiles* with him enjoy'd their *Banishment*.

## XXXVI.

None, ever, griev'd did from his *Presence* go;  
The *Poor* with such a *Godlike Sweetness* rais'd  
They scarce cou'd blame their *Fate* that made 'em so,  
While *Heav'n* and him their just *devotion* prais'd.

## XXXVII.

*Favour'd* by *God* and *Man*, and full of *Grace*,  
By all his *Wrongs* unbroken, all his *Cares*  
*Eternal Youth* smil'd in his reverend *Face*,  
Tho' pure as *Virgin-Snow* his *Silver Hairs*.

## XXXVIII.

To *Heav'n* he pay'd, or to the *World* he lent  
That *Time* which he so justly did divide;  
On both so much, and yet so well he spent  
That, like the *Loaves*, you'd think it multiply'd.

How

## XXXIX.

How clear his Soul, how firm his gen'rous Breast;  
 How vast the Compass of his mighty mind;  
 How, faith all in his grave Look express'd  
 Not for himself, but, born for whole Mankind.

## XL.

Where'er Heav'n call'd, and his great Genius went  
 He still excell'd, in Pulpit, Church, and State;  
 To all a bright, a lasting pattern lent  
 For most to admire, and some to imitate.

## XLI.

A Statesman free from Interest or Design,  
 A Prelate watchful, painful, humble, wise;  
 How did he then when in the Pulpit shine,  
 Commanding Mortals Ears, and Angels Eyes!

\* 1 Pet. 1.  
12.

## XLII.

So Moses spake when he from Sinai came  
 And Isr'el did high Heav'n's Credentials show;  
 So look'd, his Temple crown'd with radiant Flame,  
 On all the dazzled Auditor below.

## XLIII.

Tho' peaceful, like his Lord, this Saint appear'd,  
 No struggling Thunder rais'd, or Mountains rent;  
 A still small Voice like whispering Winds, was heard,  
 Which pierc'd the secret Soul where it did pent.

## XLIV.

'Twas Music, Poetry, and Rapine all,  
 The Sweets of his orac'lous words to share;  
 As soft they fell as balmy Dew-drops fall,  
 As smooth as undisturb'd eth'ral Air.

H

In

XLV.

*Isaiah 521*

In him how many various Graces meet!  
Hooker's weigh'd Periods, not perplex'd or long;  
As Waller's Sense, correct, or Numbers, sweet;  
Cleaner his Thought than Wilkins, and as strong.

XLVI.

One Word you cannot add or take away,  
Compleat, as Virgils, his Majestic Sense;  
To twenty Ages if the World shall stay  
The Standard he of English Eloquence.

XLVII.

To all he writes one Demonstration gives  
Which gently draws, and yet compels assent:  
Good Life, which shows that he himself believes,  
Good Life, the most persuasive Argument.

XLVIII.

How cou'd the blackest Malice e'er oppose  
So fair a Fame, a Goodness so divine?  
Meekest on Earth! cou'dst thou have any Foes?  
But God and Cesar have, and theirs were thine.

XLIX.

*Who?*

Scarce better that brave man his Love express'd,  
Or dearer Marks of Loyalty did show,  
The poison'd Knife aim'd at his Sovereigns breast,  
Who stepp'd between to catch the fatal Blow.

XLIX.

A manly, not a brute Submission paid,  
Abhor'd the Rebel, as abhor'd the Slave;  
From Love, not Fear, his Sovereign he obey'd;  
Who is not Loyal, never can be brave.

*When*

nl

H

When



## LVI.

When false *Licinius* fled, or did resign;  
 He, had the Christians Oaths who fill'd his Place;  
 Still Loyal to the generous *Constantine*,  
 Tho' injur'd by the faithless Pagan Race.

## LII.

Shou'd some old lost *Plantagenet* arise,  
 And plead his lineal Title to the Throne;  
 Who'd not his antiquated Claim despise,  
 And still the brave the just Possession own?

## LIII.

So he who claims our Song, and claims our Grief,  
 Who now the Prey of over-hasty Fate;  
 Of all the Mixed Worthies justly chief,  
 The firm Supporters of the Church and State.

## LIV.

Whole Clouds of fiery Darts by Malice cast  
 And forg'd in Hell, aim'd at the Sacred Head;  
 Most glanc'd on him, some short, some over-past,  
 Some dropt disarm'd, and at his Feet lay dead.

## LV.

How calmly smil'd he, at Hell's fruitless Spite  
 How sure, and yet how easie his Defence!  
 Fearless he stood, and dar'd infernal might  
 Under his seven-fold Shield of Innocence.

## LVI.

## ILVI.

So generous *Scava*, who for *Cesar* fought,  
 And stood with *Groves* of *Death* encompass'd round  
 While *Groves* of *Deaths* on his broad *Shield* he brought  
 Disarm'd the adverse *Flo* without a *Wound*.

## LVII.

Unmov'd by all th' ill-natur'd *World* could do,  
 When curs'd, he blest; he pray'd as they revild,  
 So well his Saviour's *Life* and *Lane* he knew,  
 Abus'd, he turn'd the other *Cheek* and *smil'd*.

## LVIII.

If any *Blot* in all his *Life's* fair *Field*,  
 'Twas height of *Goodness* made his *Judgment* stay:  
 Of his black *Foes* he like the *Father*, held  
 There might be room in *Heav'n* for such as they.

## LIX.

But he was *all-a-Saint*, and cou'd forgive,  
 Not so the *Muse*, who does just *Bolts* prepare,  
 Ah no! his *Hands*, as while he here did live,  
 Still stop the gathering *Thunder* in the *Air*.

## LX.

Since then we *pity* some, tho' some *detest*,  
 No farther *Muse*! in this *sad Scene* proceed!  
 Here draw a *modest Veil* before the rest!  
 Ah gently touch the *Wound* which still does *bleed*.

## LXI.

Calm

LXI.

Calm, as his *Life*, end then our grateful *Song* !  
 Calm as his *Soul*, when she to *Glory* went :  
 Be the worst *Word* to those who him did *wrong*,  
 His own last *Wishes*, may they all *repent* !

LXII.

While those near warmer happier *Regions* born  
 Weave costlier *Garlands* of immortal *Verse* ;  
 The best poor *Flow'rs* our barren *Hills* adorn,  
 Thus, wash'd in *Tears*, we bring to crown his *Merits*.

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FINIS.

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